THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. *AKENSIDE.*

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I AM a dashing little fellow, the favourite of the Ladies, and the life of every ball and company which I attend; I can, by my flattering eloquence, persuade the homliest girl, that she excels Helen in beauty, and the most stupid creature that she is wiser than Minerva; if the Lady's voice is rougher than the blustering Boatswain's, as soon as I hear it, she is convinced that it is more musical than the lyre of Orpheus; if she is not tall enough, I can raise her half a foot higher; if too lusty, she is by my art the slimmest creature in Philadelphia. These wonders I can do, flattery is my pleasure, because the fair sex is fond of it; and common sense teaches that I am justifiable in using it; because, we should all be satisfied with the beauty that is bestowed uponus by our great Creator, if we are not, that person who can make us contented, acts rightly, and deserves well of his country.

Now as I am permitted to escort the Ladies any where I choose, and chat with them *ad libitum*, their failings are well known to me, which I make no scruple to disclose, more especially as I was fooled by them completely the other day: the circumstance was thus,—standing at the door with a male friend, and a number of females, this friend of mine hastily and with success, pops an handkerchief from one of the beauties' hand; gad I thought I was up to such capers as well as he, so I tried to do the same, but you will condole with me when I inform you of my ill luck, for in grasping, I broke her *two-penny* fan; well, I must make up the damages with another *sabbath-day cooler*, an ignoble present was too mean to come from a spirited chap, so I purchased a dollar fan, and supplied the deficiency therewith; now would you believe it, after the fan was in her possession, and I had bidden them "a good evening," tho' by the bye, secreted myself in the alley, I heard this very Miss, to whom I gave the present, exclaim,—"Lord, what a fool he is, not to know our prank, why, I went this morning and bought that thing for two-pence! determined that I would have a nicer one before the week was out, so I pretended he broke it, which it fact he did not, and got a dollar for twopence! ha! ha! ha! what a blockhead he is! and don't you think I'm well off Miss." She spake in this manner, fanning herself most insolently all the while, when poor I, walked away inwardly vexed with the affair, and resolved I would let you, Messrs. Editors, know the whole of it.

And another important trait in their character is, that they are so very desirous of compliments, that the grossest insult is interpreted, by their convertive genius' into a friendly mark of admiration. In the Ironical Oration on Duelling, published in a late Repository, was this sentence: "As Ladies never give the lie, the cause of the duel does not exist among them." What a grin was visible on their countenances; what a fine fellow the writer was, thus they extolled him up to the skies; but I ventured to say at last—"Ladies if you will look up at the top of the Oration, you will see that what was spoken is ironical;" but in vain did I endeavour to persuade them so, they were sure the *Printer* was a bungling fellow, and had put in a word that the author never intended. I remonstrated, and no sooner had I declared that such an important word would be too palpable for the author not to notice, than their noses were turned up, their white teeth chattered with, "You lie! you lie!" 'gad says I, now Ladies you are convinced it is ironical.

I am tired of writing, Messrs. Editors, and I hope you will excuse my style, as I have always been the companion of Ladies, of course could get no instruction; let me consider,——Yes, I acquired a little historical knowledge from one who was pretty well versed in it, for when she had dressed to go to a ball, I was complimenting her appearance, and told her she resembled Medusa, upon my word Sir, says she, "you do much honour, to compare me with the wife of Socrates: now I never knew that Medusa was *his* wife, before she told me. I must bid you adieu, and as I am affronted with a good many lasses, I shall have more leisure to improve myself in scribbling, and when this is done, you shall again hear from,

Your very repentant servant,

BILL THE BEAU.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE LADIES' MAN.

You cannot conceive, Messrs. Editors, what a fine thing it is now a days to be a Ladies' Man; with this title you can enter into the genteelest companies; have the exquisite pleasure of handing the pretty little belles about a room, or city; you may romp, dance, sing, eat and drink with them; you can always be supplied with money, not by means of your own labour and fatigue; nor from the remains of a legacy left by some Benevolus; but by ——stop, I'll tell you by what——You must know Sirs, I am one of those who have the honour of bearing this distinction from the rest of mankind—Gentlemen knowit, they would wish to have my good will and friendship, that they may be introduced to some of those Belle-dames in the circle of my acquaintance.—Accordly I step with one to the Coffee House, with another to Francis', and with a third to Hardy's Hotel—I taste lemonade, hot punch, crackers, &c. &c. without ever paying a cent. This is one advantage I enjoy. When I want cash to pay my landlord or taylor, I visit my female friends, and rob them very genteely of their handkerchiefs, fans, lockets, rings, combs and whatever I can catch. This is not stealing, it is only the exercise of a little gallantry—the Ladies like it—they are mightily pleased, to find an occasion for romping with you, and for coming closer in contact, than decency without an excuse, would permit; and if any one should be mean enough to demand a restoration, I put her off handsomely, by telling her I must keep something in remembrance of her, lest through forgetfulnes I should be deprived of

the pleasure of contemplating, imaginarily, in a sequestered spot, her beauteous self—this is flattery—she is silenced, and I keep the goods. By these means in a very short time, I can get valuables enough to fill a pretty large trunk. If now a notion takes me to go to another city, I sell enough privately, to defray travelling expences, take the rest with me, and by selling them too, I get enough to bear me up, 'till I am sufficiently acquainted to carry on the like gallant actions there.

Nor is this all:—I very frequently take from the ladies, some of the best fruits, which I afterwards dispatch at my leisure. Being the other evening in company, I saw a young lady have a very fine orange—my mouth watered for it—after a little joking, and a few feint attempts to grasp it, I in the true style of a ladies' man, snatched it out of her hand, and after I got to my lodgings it afforded me a very delicious mouthful—This was not robbery or plundering—O, no, It was specimen of gallantry—No one took it amiss. Such gentlemen, is the glorious life we Lads for the Fair lead—We are happy, merry, well supplied, and always in the good graces of the Ladies.

Your obedient servant,

FRANK DAMOISEAU.

P. S. As our number is not inconsiderable, it has been proposed, we should form a society, for the better regulation of our affairs. Those who wish to become members will please apply at No. 45 Fop Street, between Fashion and Folly streets.

F. D.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE DUEL.

To morrow is the appointed day——yes, early in the morning I am to meet my foe upon the banks of Jersey——Cursed, and, perhaps fatal meeting, why did I accede to it? alas! it was inevitable.—I have seduced from virtue's path, one of the most innocent and charming of her sex——an injured brother calls for vengeance—demands satisfaction for the outrage committed on the peace of a once happy family, proud in the possession of her who was the ornament of her own sex, and the adoration of the other. O, Heavens! what have I done? what can expiate my guilt, or satisfy the just anger of injured parents?——my death!——yes, my death shall atone for my crime; for can I, the despoiler of the sister, also take the life of the brother? No! my death-like weapon shall do no execution—but I will fly to receive the ball of my antagonist——I am fixed——nothing shall move me. The unhappy shall not become doubly so on my account * * * * *

Such were the reflections of young Harville, when Morpheus the god repose, shed his sweet influence over him. The next morning, long before the harbinger of day had, with rosy fingers, unbarred the portals of the east for the king of day, Harville rose, and on his knees addressed the God of his existence—his prayer was fervent—it was his heart that spoke—his troubled soul soon was calmed like the foamy ocean, after its king has swayed his trident, and commanded œolus to stop the fury of the winds.

With firmness and dignity he bends his steps towards the field of combat—fear is not in his bosom—death he despises—and yet he would appease the warth of the justly irritated brother of Harriot—he would honourable demand a pardon; but Beaufont deigns not to listen to him, his words are lost in the air——The ground is measured off—the combatants take their respective stations—the deadly weapons are put into their hands; and the signal for firing about to be given, when a shriek, accompanied with the cry of 'hold,' assails their ears—their arms are arrested—a beautiful female, most elegantly habited appears—her presence astonishes them—dauntless she presents her fair bosom to the pistol of Beaufont. "Good God," exclaims he. "Great Heavens!" cries Harville "it is she, it is my Harriot," and runs to embrace her. After kindly receiving him, she again turns towards Beaufont and thus addresses him, "O most generous brother! who would sacrifice thy life to avenge my lost honour, hold, stay your bloody purpose! Let not a sense of wrong prevent your harkening to the dictates of reason. Deceive not yourself by fancying agreeably to notions of honour, that shooting your adversary at the imminent hazard of your own life, will repair the honour of your sister. Think that the step you were about to take would least accomplish this. Having heard of your intended meeting, I found means to secrete myself in a convenient place. When you first came on the ground, I witnessed the attempt of Harville to engage you in an explanation; I saw you turn indignant from him, and call for dispatch in the preparations. Harville is Honourable; his assurances in a recent interview justify me in declaring that he will extenuate his error, and snatch me from impending infamy, by a speedy union. Consider these things, my dear brother, remember that your passion has prevented your giving him an opportunity of declaring his intentions. Without deigning to hear him you have taken, I must say, this rash, imprudent step." Then taking her lover by the hand, she presents him to Beaufont, who sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, attends to him. When Harville urging in an eloquent manner, in his justification, the beauty of Harriot, his honourable intentions, his youth and indiscretion, so perfectly reconciled Beaumont, that he embraces him as his friend, his brother.

The approbation of their parents was however, yet wanting; but it will readily be supposed, there was not difficulty in obtaining it. Shortly after their hands were united at the altar of Hymen; which rendered superlatively happy this amiable couple, whose ardent love, and inconsiderate youth form an apology for their momentary deviation from virtue's path.

AMARILLUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

A poet and physician, was born, about 1709, at Castleton in Roxburghshire, Scotland, where his father was minister. In his principal poem, he has very pleasingly celebrated his native place, and the rivulet with which it is beautified.

Such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flow'ry or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main, &c.

ART OF HEALTH, BOOK III.

He was designed for the medical profession, and studied for that purpose in the university of Edinburgh, where he took his degree with reputation in 1732. The subject of his inaugural thesis was *De Tabe purulenta*. He settled in London, where he appeared in the double capacity of author and physician; but his success in the former, as has frequently been the case, seems to have impeded his progress in the latter. His first publication, in 1735, was a humourous attack upon empirics, in the manner of Lucian, entitled "An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic; to which is added, A Dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the Practice of

Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society; and an Epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Joshua Ward, Esqr. In 1737 he published a serious professional piece, "On the Venereal Disease;" and soon after it, a poem, entitled "The Economy of Love," which met with a success which was probably, in the end, a source neither of satisfaction nor advantage to the author. It is an elegant and vigorous performance, but so warm in some of it's descriptions as to have incurred the general censure of licentiousness, which has excluded it from the most reputable collections of poetry. The author himself considerably pruned its luxuriances in an edition printed in 1768.

In 1744 his capital work, the didactic poem on "The Art of preserving Health" appeared, and raised his literary reputation to a height, which his after-performances scarcely sustained. A poem "On Benevolence," in 1751, and another entitled "Taste, an Epistle to a young Critic," in 1753, showed that he continued to cultivate the Muses, though with no extraordinary success. A volume in prose of "Sketches or Essays on various subjects," under the name of Launcelot Temple Esqr. in 1758, was better received by the public, who admired the humour and knowledge of the world which it displayed. The celebrated Mr. Wilkes, then his intimate acquaintance, was supposed to have contributed a share to this volume.

Dr. Armstrong had professional interest enough in 1760 to obtain the appointment of physician to the army in Germany. From that country he wrote 'Day,' a poem, and 'An Epistle to John Wilkes, Esqr.' A reflection upon Churchill in this latter piece drew upon him a severe retaliation from that irritable bard in his 'Journey.' Party now ran so high, especially that of the worst kind, national animosity, that a native of Scotland could scarcely keep up a friendly intercourse with an English oppositionist: accordingly, we find that the intimacy between Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes was dissolved about this time. At the peace of 1763, Armstrong returned to London, and resumed the practice of physic; but his habits and manners opposed an insurmountable bar against popular success. His mind was too lofty to stoop to intrigue; his manner was stiff and reserved; and his disposition was indolent. He continued occasionally rather to amuse than exert himself in literary productions, serious and humorous; sometimes, in the latter, mistaking oddity for wit, and indulging an unpleasant vein of vulgarity in expression, and misanthrophy in sentiment. These later effusions are scarcely worth particularizing. In 1771 he made a journey to France and Italy, accompanied by the celebrated painter, Mr. Fuseli, who warmly attests the benevolence of his character. On this tour he took a last farewell in Italy of his friend Smollet, to whom he was much attached. He published a short account of this ramble, under the name of Launcelot Temple. His last publication, a pamplet in 1773, entitled 'Medical Essays,' accounts in a splenetic manner for the limited practice he attained, and complains of his literary critics. He died in September 1779, leaving considerable savings from a very moderate income.

Armstrong was a man much beloved and respected by his intimates, and seems to have possessed great goodness of heart, as well extensive knowledge and abilities; but a kind of morbid sensibility preyed on his temper, and a languid listlessness damped his intellectual efforts. The following lines in Thomson's Castle of Indolence, are said to have been meant for his portraiture.

With him was sometimes joined in silent walk
(Profoundly silent—for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak,
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke;
He never utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve——'Thank heav'n the day is done.'

It should not be forgotten that Armstrong contributed to this excellent poem the fine stanzas descriptive of the diseases to which the votaries of indolence finally become martyrs.

His reputation as a poet is almost solely founded on his 'Art of preserving Health,' for his other pieces scarcely rise above mediocrity. This may well rank among the first didactic poems in the English language; and though that class of poetry is not of the highest order, yet the variety incident to his subject has given him the opportunity of displaying his powers on some of the most elevated and interesting topics, and they are found fully adequate to the occasion. The work is adopted into the English classics, and has often been printed, both separately and in collections.

The following character of Armstrong's style and manner is given in an essay prefixed to an ornamented edition of the poem, printed for Cadell and Davies, 1795. "It is distinguished by its simplicity—by a free use of words which owe their strength to their plainness—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraseology. His sentences are generally short and easy; his sense clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken in at the first glance; and there are no lofty mysteries to be unravelled by a repeated perusal. What keeps his language from being prosaic, is the vigour of his sentiment. He thinks boldly, feels strongly, and therefore expresses himself poetically. Where the subject sinks, his style sinks with it; but he has for the most part excluded topics incapable either of vivid description, or of the oratory of sentiment. He had from nature a musical ear, whence his lines are scarcely ever harsh, though apparently without much study to render them smooth. On the whole, it may not be too much to assert, that no writer in blank verse can be found more free from stiffness and affectation, more energetic without harshness, and more dignified without formality."

MISCELLANY.

ON DRESS.

Nothing appears more becoming the soft and captivating qualities of the fair-sex than an inviolable decency in whatever regards the minutest article of dress. The beauty which shines independent of embellishment or art, is an object of universal admiration and love. The charms of a country girl, unaided by the meretricious associations of folly and fashion, especially when her shape, her features, and her complexion discover no tincture of deformity and vulgarity, are irresistible.

The real temper of a young woman's mind is in nothing so fully and literally pourtrayed, or so unequivocally marked, as by her taste in disposing, or attention to, personal decoration. True modesty may receive as gross an injury from the garb as from the gait of a harlot. The look, the gesture, and the dress, will always correspond. She whose intentions are uniformly innocent, will not, in any station, on any occasion, or from any motives whatever, be readily distinguished for giddiness, gaiety, or extravagance in any part of her behaviour. It is your light, fantastic fools who have neither heads nor hearts, in both sexes, who, by dressing their bodies out of all shape, render themselves ridiculous and contemptible. These are they who affect to take a lead in whatever is most opposite to decency and nature; who start preposterous innovations, and sedulously inflame and pamper the passions of others, as well as their own, by a constant adoption of every thing newest or most in ton.

But what are these modes in which the worthless of the sex are so proud to place their distinction? Are they not the laborious inventions of idleness and luxury, and regularly imported from a people whose profligacy, dissoluteness and caprice, are proverbial? Are they not calculated to deprive society of decency, and the sex of purity; to invite the prying eye of wanton curiosity; to bring certain ridicule and infamy on every vestige of female honour; and to render lewdness of the grossest kind, an avowed object of traffic?

A desire to excel by such unhallowed means as these, can originate only in the loosest inclinations: and wretched is that woman's condition, who depends for admiration, regard, or attachment, on the form, the quality, or the fashion of her clothes.

In former times, dress was deemed one of the most palpable distinctions in rank. Ladies then took their precedencies, and understood their respective stations, by what they wore, and their manner of wearing it. This ancient and easy mode of discrimination is no longer known in society. The very servant not only apes but rivals her mistress in every species of whim and extravagance. All sorts of people are consequently confounded or melted down into one glaring mass of absurdity or superfluity. The lower orders are entirely lost in a general propensity to mimic the finery of the higher; and every woman we meet would seem by her gesture and apparel to possess at least an independent fortune: no difference at all in this respect, is left to tell the mere spectator, whether her circumstances be narrow or affluent.

Proportion, therefore, ye parents! the dress of your daughters to their situations in life. Every approach to excess in this article must be followed with the worst effects. It is a deception easily detected, and will never be forgiven. An appearance of wealth cannot be supported on nothing; and the shifts to which it is sometimes a temptation, are not always the most repectable.

Nor is an inordinate love of dress a very promising scheme for obtaining the most respectable matrimonial connections. Young men are now too wary to be thus duped. Though it were certain to succeed, who could wish those dear to them to commence so serious an enterprize, by means thus subtle and crafty?

It is dangerous to tamper with truth or decency in any case. Candour, simplicity, and fair dealing, never subject to the least risque, are always safe, and always honourable.

The following description of the toilet, from Pope, exposes the labour and refinement of this prominent but pernicious foible.

And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that hereyes she rears:
The inferior Priestess, at her altar's side
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The variuos offerings of the world appear:
From each she newly culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white:
Here sides of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms;
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Molly's prais'd for labours not her own.

HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

"The scenes of my life have been sad," said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most pricipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect—"The scenes of my life have been sad," repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past again struck his soul—"I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the gallies in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and, lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!"—The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind.

The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the bright streaks of vermillion and gold.—Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the ear—all was still and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky-lark sunk on the ear, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquillized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around—The balm of peace descended upon his soul—He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret—It was too late to begin life anew; and, after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet and an uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he arose refreshed.—Beneath the wide-spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut—His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage.—Every evening beheld him sinking peaceably to repose on his bed of leaves; and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful—In a short time he discovered that he was happy—The discovery astonished him.—He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages.—Under snch circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlesness and ambition; and that the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is CONTENTMENT.

A woman's charms may pass away,
Her eyes grow dim, her teeth decay—
But while she breathes the vital gale,
'Tis strange her tongue will never fail.

INSTANCE OF NATURAL PROPENSITY.

Julian was the son of a mechanic in a populous town; and as soon as he could guide the awl, was kept hard to work in his father's shop, mending the soles of all the pedestrians in the town. Julian disliked cobbling very much, and confinement still more; but he stuck to the last, only now and then making a holiday with some other boys, for which he never failed to be rewarded with a good drubbing.—At length his father died; and Julian, who was yet too young to set up as a maker and mender of soles on his own account, was taken as a shop-boy by an oilman within a few doors of his father's stall. As he had now frequently parcels to carry to different parts of the town, he very much preferred his new way of life; and not seldom did he loiter on his errands to lengthen his enjoyments of fresh air and exercise.

One day he was sent with a parcel to the house of Albano, and having lingered more than he commonly did, it was late in the evening ere he arrived. He had been ordered to make haste, and he found by the old woman who received the parcel, that his negligence had not not been unnoticed by Albano; indeed he heard his voice, blaming aloud the master of the shop for not having sent his colours, as he ordered, before the evening.

Julian advanced.—'Sir,' said he modestly, 'my master is not to blame—I have been loitering.'

'You are an idle rogue, then,' said Albano coming forward, 'and I shall complain to your master of you. It was of consequence to me to get those colours to finish my piece by day-light.'

Albano would probably have descanted longer on the atrociousness of Julian's conduct, but that the eyes of the lad were fixed most attentively on a painting which rested against the wall.

'What are you gazing at,' said Albano in a gentler tone.

'I never saw any thing so beautiful,' replied Julian, 'except the sun to-night as it was setting behind Wood-Hill.'

'Did you stop to look at that? asked Albano with a smile.

'Yes,' replied the lad, 'I could not help it.'

'Come up with me then,' said Albano.

Julian tripped after Albano, and beheld with a delight he had no words to express, a number of fine paintings, some by Albano, and some by other excellent masters.—He was all eye: and though he scarcely spoke three words, he received half-a-crown from Albano, and went home happier than he had ever been before! He played truant no more. Having made up parcels for Albano at different times, he took small quantities of the different colours, and at every leisure half minute, flew to the garret to grind, to arrange, to view his treasures.

In time he was again sent to Albano. He had not now loitered by the way; on the contrary, he was breathless with the haste he had made. He begged to be permitted to take the parcel up stairs himself. The old woman granted his petition.—Albano was painting. Julian advanced timidly, was welcomed by Albano, and at length gained courage to watch the movements of the master's hand. He made new errands, and every errand was a new lesson.—At length he waited once more on Albano—his parcel was larger than common. He hesitated—looked at the valuable pictures around him—blushed—and at length produced a piece of his own. It was the sun setting behind the Wood-Hill.—Albano looked at the piece, then at Julian—again at the piece.

'Julian, said he, 'this is not perfect, but you must not carry out oil and pickles any longer; you shall come and grind my colours.'

Julian obtained his discharge, was received by Albano, became his pupil, and soon more than rivalled his master.

The happy moment that first shewed to the wondering eyes of the boy the creative powers of the pencil, awakened in his mind a dormant faculty, of which till then he was unconscious. Albano must have felt a pleasure of the purest kind when he reflected that he had been the means of producing such a genius to the world; for though perhaps, in the grave calculations of moralists and philosophers, it is of no real consequence to mankind to have painters, poets, or sculptors, yet it cannot be denied but that those elegant arts are in themselves great sources of pleasure. Those who only admire the effects produced, find in them no inconsiderable addition to their enjoyment; while those whose powers produce the effect, derive from their exertion a constant, and surely a laudable fountain of delight. Who then shall say, that the faculty of conceiving and executing works which rouse all the powers of the mind, confer delight on the artist during the performance, and gratify numbers with the mere sight of it,—who shall say these faculties, these feelings, were implanted in our minds for no purpose, that they are unworthy the pursuit or the admiration of a reasonable being? For my part, I am convinced that every feeling was placed in our minds for some good purpose; and the powers of genius, of wit, of taste, of sense, of spirit, were never given to us to lie dormant. Man was made to be happy; and if these faculties add to his happiness, why should they be thrown from him with ingratitude?

From Holcroft's Travels through Hamburgh, Westphalia, Holland, the Netherlands and Paris.

The *fichu*, or neck-handkerchief, is worn as an *undress*; but with a coquetry diligent to appear careless, while it discovers a part of the bosom. It is recorded of the women of *Beauvais*, when the town was besieged by the duke of Burgundy, that they aided in its defence with incredible courage; for which, as a mark of royal favour, Lewis XI. granted them the privilege of wearing their wedding garments on the anniversary of its deliverance, and of dressing themselves at all times in whatever manner they should please. I forget what French writer tells us that this was the origin of bare bosoms; that the women of *Beauvais* showed them as being near the heart, the seat of courage; and that the fashion thence became general.

It did not, however, meet general approbation. A preacher, indignant against the practice, thus addressed his female hearers:

"Cover yourselves, I say, at least in our presence: for be it known to you, we like other men, are flesh and blood." His auditors began to laugh, especially the women, when he with a still more serious air continued—"If you are spoken to in gentle words, that only hint their meaning, yon turn a deaf ear and will not understand; and, when our language is more open, you find it comic and begin to laugh. At your peril be it, then, if understanding so perfectly you practise so ill."

The Abbe du Bos, in his reflections on poetry and painting, feels himself compelled to confess, that the union of moral causes, to which the success of literature is commonly attributed, is not the true reason, he has recourse to physical causes, and believes that the different temperature of the air may alter the mental faculties of a nation, so that it may happen, according to the conjectures he explains, that there may exist, in the same country, for a certain time, an air more favourable to the mind than the air that has preceded and will succeed; and thus the generation that shall have breathed this air, shall possess more genius than the other generations, evn as the crops of one harvest are of a better quality than those of another.

REMARKS ON THE EARLY POETS, BY PHILIP NEVE, ESQ.

DENHAM.

Sir John Denham was one of the barons of the Exchequer, in the reign of James I. He was born in 1615; took the degrees of A. B. at Oxford; and entered of Lincoln's Inn, in 1634. In his youth he was much addicted to gaming; and, soon after the death of his father, in 1638, dissipated and lost nearly his whole patrimony. In the troubles of Charles I. he took an active part; and, when that King was in the hands of the army, was employed, first in messages and intelligence between him and the Queen, and then in managing all his domestic and foreign correspondences; the latter of which rested chiefly upon him and Cowley, who had retired to France just before the surrender of Oxford to the parliament, in 1646. When the King's fate was decided, he went abroad, and returned not till 1652. At the restoration he was made surveyor of the King's buildings; and, at the ensuing coronation, knight of the bath.

Of the several claims of Sir John Denham to the regard of posterity, that of having improved our versification is the most popular. Though his title on this head be undisputed, he enjoys it in common with Waller, and in some measure with Fairfax: and Drummond, almost before Denham's birth, had written in numbers, that stand nearly in parallel with the most harmonius lines of Pope. But Denham's fame rests not here; he gave, in the short preface to his second book of Virgil, the best rules for translation, that had then appeared, or will perhaps ever appear. His Cooper's hill is universally admired. The species was new, and here he stands as an original. In it the apostrophe to the Thames has never received too great an encomium; and is not, perhaps, at this day, any where equalled.

These celebrated verses, however,

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast;
Her fame in thine, like lesser currents lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods—

were not in the first printed edition of the poem; though the general sentiment is there. The passage was,

O, could my verse freely and smoothly flow
As thy pure flood, heav'n should no longer know
Her old Eridanus; thy purer stream
Should bathe the gods, and be the poet's theme!

Among his other poems, the "verses on Cowley;" "on Lord Strafford;" and "on Fletcher," exhibit instances of the same force of sense and harmony united. He has translated from Homer, Virgil, Martial, and Mancini; but his versions are without the spirit of his own rules, or the practice of his own example in his original pieces. His "imitation of D'Avenant," and "poem on Brother Green," shew great ability, in different modes of composition: and though his tragedy, The Sophy, can be praised neither for much dramatic nor poetic excellence, it still affords some proof of the versatility of his genius. Considering, therefore, the history of his life; how general and lasting a distraction gaming leaves on the mind; how much and how early he was employed in the public affairs; how deeply he must have partaken of the distresses of the times; and the little encouragment given to poetry, by his master, Charles I. his genius must have operated very strongly against his habits, in the production of pieces so various, and some of such distinguished excellence. Whoever so far exceeds his contemporaries, as to furnish precepts for the improvement of his followers, and good models for their imitation, is entitled to the admiration and gratitude of posterity, as an inventor; and his praise is reflected in every future work, produced or influenced by his rules or example.

In 1668, the year in which he died, Sir John Denham collected and published his poems, with a dedication to the King, well worth perusal; and from which may be gained a good idea of the different tastes of the two Charles' with respect to poetry.

The following relation of an extraordinary miricle appeared in a periodical publication in 1739, the year in which it is supposed to have happened; so long a time has, however, since elapsed, that it is not unreasonable to suppose, it may be both new and amusing to the generality of our readers.

"Two men digging a grave, at Macon, near Nogent, upon the river Seine, found a skull, which they threw upon the grass with the common unconcern of grave-diggers; but soon after perceiving it to stir, they ran to the cure of the parish, and told him what they had seen. The superstious cure immediately supposed it to be the skull of some saint, who had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither; when, to his great surprise and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!" and resolved to have the precious relic deposited in his church with all proper ceremonies; for which purpose he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water; his surplice, stole, and cap; ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishioners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish; and being covered with a napkin, it was carried to the church in procession; during which, great debates arose among the parishioners, every one insisting that some of his family had been buried in that place, that he might assume to himself the honour of having a a saint in his family. Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed in the high altar, and TE DEUM begun; but when they came to the verse "Te per orbem terrarum," a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull, discovered the secret cause of its motion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation dispersed greatly disappointed. Now, if the poor cure had had less credulity, and more cunning, he would have taken care the secret were not discovered by vulgar eyes; in which case, we should have had yearly, a long list of miracles wrought by this sanctified skull, and the church would probably have become one of the richest in France.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was not entirely written by himself; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him; Steward's business was to collect the authorities for the different words.

Whilst this dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnson was in debt to a milkman, who attempted to arrest him. The doctor then lived in Gough-square. Once, on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed and barricadoed the door, and from the window harrangued the milkman and baliffs in these words: "Depend upon it, I will defend this my little citidal to the utmost."

About this time the doctor exhibited a proof that the most ingenious mind may be so debased by distress as to commit mean actions.—In order to raise a present supply, Johnson delivered to Mr. Strahn, the printer as a new copy, several sheets of his Dic-

tionary, already printed and paid for; for which he thus obtained a second payment. The Doctor's credit with his bookseller not being then sterling, and the occasion for money very pressing, ways and means, to raise the supply wanted, were necessary to prevent a refusal.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Curiosity is a useful spring of knowledge: it should be encouraged in children, and awakened by frequent and familiar methods of talking with them. It should be indulged in youth, but not without a prudent moderation. In those who have too much it should be limited by a wise and gentle restraint or delay, lest by wandering after every thing, they learn nothing to perfection. In those who have too little, it should be excited, lest they grow stupid, narrow spirited, self-satisfied, and never attain a treasure of ideas, or an aptitude of understanding.

—

Where the mere *appearance* of an angry passion will attain the same end, I would not choose to give myself the trouble and inquietude of feeling a *real* one. Why should I suffer my blood and spirits to rise into disorder, if the picture of anger in my countenance, and the sound of it imitated in my voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the vice I would forbid? If I am but wise enough to raise the appearance of of resentment, I need not be at the pains to throw myself into this uneasy ferment. Is it not better for me, as a man and a christian, to maintain a calm sedate aversion to sin, and express my dislike of it, sometimes at least, rather by a counterfeit than real anger. If hypocrasy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this case to dissemble.

—

The province of criticism varies with the performance to be criticised. In smaller works it is necessary to attend to the exquisite polish, the perfect harmony, the high finish of every individual part. In productions of greater magnitude, the general scope should be first considered, and the co-operation of the parts to the main design: where this is perfect, incidental failures of inferior consequence should by no means attract strong censure. I presume that in a sonnet, any offence against legitimacy of structure, harmony of version, or elegance of expression, is punishable as a capital crime in the high Court of Criticism. After all that had been said and written lately on those meritorious performances, any error must be an unpardonable blemish. So be it. I acknowledge the merits of those who can conquer so many difficulties as the arbitrary lawgivers of poesy have thrown in the way of Sonnetteers: they often remind me of the horse-shoes reversed nailed at the doors of cottages, to impede the entrance of those redoubtable beings, called Witches.

—

Deluder! does thy pensive eye,
Thy cheek, with jealous anguish pale,
Less that passion's pleading voice,
O'er the artless mind prevail?

Is not he a base seducer,
Whose fond looks and silent art
Own the maid he seems to worship
As the idol of his heart?

Deep and fatal is the triumph
Gain'd by one expressive glance;
Speaking to the heart, and leading
Infant passion's heedless dance.

Let not he who thus seduces,
Say, the victim, vain, mistook
Friendship's tribute for a lover's,
Saw devotion in a look!

Sure the wound, and deep th' impression
Innocence from cunning takes,
His wily eyes like culprits stealing
The simple heart his falsehood breaks!

—

THE TEAR.

Sacred boon of favouring Heaven!
Test of reason, pearly tear!
In some bounteous moment given,
Soothing anguish most severe!

Melting child of mute affliction,
Misery's due, and feeling's gem!
Precious pledge of young affection,
Fairest flower on Pity's stem!

Reconcilement's sweet oblation,
Healing the distemper'd heart!
Friendship's dearest best libation,
Balm for every anxious smart!

Oh how near ally'd to sorrow
Are our transports most sincere!
Ev'n delight is forc'd to borrow
Feeling's rich expressive tear!

Humid eyes that softly languish,
What do your full orbs declare?
Dew-drop, form'd of hope and anguish,
Love himself has plac'd thee there!

THE BLUSH.

Roseate tint of purest virtue,
Bloom ethereal, blush divine!
Bidding by thy sweet suffusion,
Loveliness more lovely shine!

More than beauty's fairest feature,
More than form's most perfect grace,
Touching the fond heart, and giving
Softest charms to every face.

Test of quick impassion'd feeling
Jewel in the dower of youth;
Modesty's unquestion'd herald,
Pledge of innocence and truth:

Infant passion's varying banner,
Trembling consciousness display'd!
Lover! seize the fleeting meteor,
Catch the rainbow ere it fade.

—

THE SMILE.

Bright sunbeam of the' illumn'd face,
Best ornament of every grace,
Without whose fascinating play
Inert is beauty's fairest ray;
I love, across the mantling cheek,
To see thy sportive dimples speak,
To mark thy magic radiance fly,
Quick-glancing, to th' expressive eye!
Attractive lightning! Angel smile!
Form'd every sorrow to beguile.
Each pleasing feeling to improve,
Oh! ever grace the lips I love!

—

THE EYE.

Magic, wonder-beaming eye!
In thy narrow circle lie
All our varied hopes and fears,
Sportive smiles, and graceful tears!
Eager wishes, wild alarms,
Rapid feeling's potent charms!
Wit and genius, taste and sense,
Shed, thro' thee, their influence!
Honest index of the soul,
Nobly scorning all controul,
Silent language, ever flowing,
Every sweet thought avowing,
Pleasure's seat, Love's favourite throne,
Every triumph is thy own!

—

TIME.

When by *ennui* and languor prest,
We wait, expecting to be blest;
When eager on the clock we gaze,
And think the hand on purpose stays,
We say, and sad our accents flow,
"Why moves the tardy time so slow?"

But when kind friendship's cordial smile,
And social chat, the time beguile,
The moments glide so swiftly by,
They seem with double speed to fly;
And sad we murmur when they're past,
" Why fled the fleeting hours so fast?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

A National Song, in commemoration of American Independence.

TUNE—RISE GYNTHIA.

Rise Columbians rise,
Rise Columbians rise,
The glorious morn which gave you birth
Once more with joy behold.
With rapture hail its glad return,
Its rising splendors see unfold.
'Tis freedom's natal day begins,
Rejoicing in her glorious reign.
Wide o'er this happy
This happy blessed land,
Her joyous reign shall long endure.

Ye brave whose bosoms glow,
Ye brave whose bosoms glow,
With Freedom's sacred fire, attend,
Around her altars stand,
From ev'ry insult to defend,
And guard 'gainst ev'ry foe your land.
The precious gift of freedom guard,
And dearer than existence prize.
So shall you ever,
You ever happy be
'Till time's unchanging course shall end.

AMERICUS.

For the Repository.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following was written several years since, at Burlington, New Jersey.—If you think proper to make it public, it is at your service. A.

When Sol the glorious God of light,
Sinks far beneath the western main,
When day's oppressive heat is past,
And evening's gentle breezes reign,
To yonder green and flow'ry bank
Of gently flowing Delaware,
Oh let us haste with cheerful steps,
And breathe the sweet and pleasant air.

There on the verdant bank we'll sit,
In yonder smiling garden fair,*
While Cynthia's beams so gently play,
Upon the rolling Delaware;
Beneath yon temple's † rising dome,
Where Mirth and blameless Pleasure dwell;
We'll pass the eve'ning hours away,
In songs and mirth, and fear no ill.

There Care with dark contracted brow,
Shall not disturb the peaceful scene;
But in a youthful circle fair,
The hours shall pass in peace serene:
Let monarch's on their glitt'ring thrones
Enjoy their grandeur, power and pride,
They cannot taste of joys like these
Which I enjoy by ******'s side.

ALFRED.

August 31, 1801.

* A enclosed place on the bank, known by the name of painter's garden.

† A small building within the enclosure, which I have distinguished by this name.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

OBITUARY.

DIED—on the 22d instant, at her residence on the banks of Conestogo, near the borough of Lancaster, Mrs. Catharine Hand, relict of the late General Hand, in whose death a numerous circle of relatives, friends and acquaintances are left to mourn an irreparable loss. A loss only to them! 'Tis gain to her: she now rests from her labours and her works do follow her.—

At Heaven's command she bid the world adieu
Prepar'd the sudden summons to obey;
Swift when her saviour call'd from earth she flew,
And worldly cares resign'd for everlasting day.
Where Conestogo winds its silver flood,
Her earthly, peaceful habitation stood:

Oft from that mansion were the poor redress'd,
There Charity (celestial maid) did dwell,
There HAND, with bounteous hand the suff'rer blest,
There did the sorrowing soul with grateful pleasure tell
Hungry I was, and was reliev'd by thee,
Thirsty, and drink thou gav'st to me.

Now death hath clos'd her eyes, ah! cruel fate
Hard is thy decree! couldst thou no longer spare,
Her whom the hand of heaven did create
To wipe the tearful eye, and soothe the brow of care?
She's gone to where the weary pilgrims rest,
To where the great and good are ever belst.

Then dry the bitter tear ye weeping friends,
Tho loss to you yet *death* to her is gain;
Her task is finish'd here, she now attends
Where God her maker dwells, and Christ will ever reign
In sweet fruition sweetly to enjoy
Eternal pleasures that can never cloy.

Blest with the dead departed in the Lord,
On her redeemer's merits she relied;
Her works approv'd will meet a just reward,
Her Saviour's laws she choose, and in that faith she died:
Here, ev'ry virtue fill'd her tender breast,
Fitted her soul for an eternal rest.

Then trace ye friends the lovely path she trod,
That when kind Heaven shall bid your dust arise
You may with her enjoy the saviour God,
And hallelujahs sing, above the starry skies;
Her happy spirit will exult to see
Her friends in chorus praise the Deity.

SONNET, FROM CAMOENS.

Within a grove, the haunt of Nymph and Fay,
Sibella, fairest maid! once chanc'd to stray,
And mounting high a tree that shady grew,
She cull'd its od'rous flowers of yellow hue.

There Cupid came, who long a rule had made
To come and take his Sesta* in the shade;
Upon a bough his shafts and bow unstrung,
Before he sunk to sleep with core he hung.

The maid who watch'd the time with eager eyes,
Delay'd not now to seize the dang'rous prize,
The arms obtain'd, to careless me she hied,
And in her eyes the ardent shafts I spied,
O! shepherds, fly what all to death will give,
Save me alone! who still, tho' dying live!

* The Sesta is very common in Portugal, and signifies the repose usually taken in the afternoon by natives of that warm climate.

*** The 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th vols. of the Philadelphia Repository to be had at No. 76, North Fourth-street, at $3 per vol.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Charles Nagle, to the amiable Miss Sarah Cain, all of this city.

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